

The SWORD of the LORD

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

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THE LOST SHEEP FOUND

BY EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

(Preached March 2, 1942, on Radio WMBI, Chicago.)

Turn with me in your Bible to Luke, chapter fifteen and let us read again the story of the lost sheep. Begin with verse three.

"3 And he spake this parable unto them, saying,

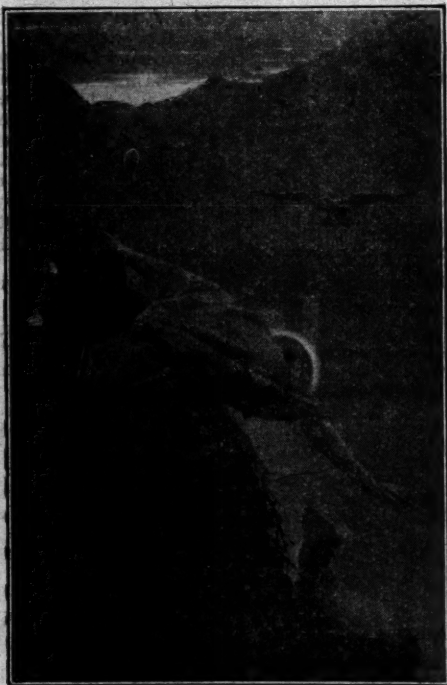
"4 What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

"5 And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulder, rejoicing.

"6 And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me;

and need to be saved. If you have not been born again, if you have not been found of the Saviour, if you have not been forgiven and made a child of God, then today you are a poor lost sheep.

The Apostle Paul was inspired to write: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (I Tim. 1: 15). I would have thought the Saviour would have come to have fellowship with good people! I would have thought the Saviour would have said, "I want to bless the people that already love God." No, no! He came to seek and save that which was lost. He said, "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." (Luke 5:32).



for I have found my sheep which was lost.

"7 I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

This is one of the most touching and lovely of all the parables our Savior gave.

Men Are Lost

The first fact indicated by the Lord Jesus in this parable of the lost sheep is that men are lost. That lost sheep represents every poor soul who has not yet come to Christ and been saved. Isaiah 53:6 says, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." That is what is wrong with the world—men are lost! What the world needs is not more laws. Men are lost and they need to be saved. What men need is not a better organization of society, not Social Security, not old age pensions—they are lost and need Christ to find and save them.

Every person was born ignorant but ignorance is not the curse of the world and education can never solve the ills that beset mankind. No, not science, not medicine, not better government, not better education, not better environment—none of these can give men what they need. The real trouble with mankind is that all are poor lost sinners. Men are lost

Some way we have got the cart before the horse, we are not running these things like the Saviour did. The Saviour cared more for the dying thief than He cared about Pilate down before the cross. The Saviour cared more about that poor woman weeping behind Him with a life of shame, with her face colored with the embarrassed blushes of a fallen woman—He cared more about her tears and her poor lost soul than He did about Simon the Pharisee, this man who brought his tithes regularly, and prayed in public, and went to the temple and set apart two days in the week to fast and pray. The Saviour cared more about that poor fallen woman than He did about the rest of them. You know the Saviour, when He was going up to Galilee and came through Samaria and stopped on Jacob's well in Sychar of Samaria, He cared more about that woman who had been married five times and was living then with a man to whom she was not married—He cared more about her than He cared about getting on with His journey or about eating His dinner or about anything else. God forgive us! I am afraid we do not feel like the Saviour does about poor lost sinners. We are concerned about everything else.

I remember when I was a boy, we lived at Gainesville, Texas. One day they sent me to town for some

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"No Man Can Serve Two Masters"

BY MR. R. G. LETOURNEAU

(A Christian Business Man)

— Matthew 6:24

(Given on Radio Station WMBI, Chicago, Sunday, October 5, 1941.)

Good afternoon, friends. I don't have any vocation, it is all avocation. I just love to build machinery and see the power work. And I love to preach the gospel and see the power of the gospel work, too. I just want to call your attention to a little verse over here in Matthew 6, verse 24. It says, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

We have too many folk in the country today who are trying to serve the Lord, but they are trying to serve the world as well. They are trying to have enough religion to get to Heaven when

they die. In fact, I heard a man say the other day, "I am about six weeks behind in my religion." I don't know what he meant by that, but that is the conception a lot of folks have, just to kind of keep up to date, and if a man's good deeds outweighs his bad deeds, he will get in. That is not my conception of Christianity. I believe we begin to serve the Lord right here, and it is one continuous program beginning now and going right on throughout the endless ages of eternity. We can't serve two masters. We have got to make up our minds and get off the fence. We have to serve one or the other. This halfway business doesn't get us anywhere I have found out, either in spiritual or material things.

A Tight Spot

I had a job one time when I tried to serve two masters, and I found you could get in plenty of trouble. When I was a young fellow on the farm I came to town and got a job in a garage. I wanted to learn to be a mechanic. I hadn't been working on the job but a few weeks when the boss came along and said, "I want you to go down the street to so and so's garage and tell the fellow who runs that place that I would like to borrow a half dozen cap screws from him of a certain size. Just get those cap screws and tell him I sent you down to borrow them. He will give them to you. He is a friend of mine. But," he said, "I will tell you another thing I want you to do while you are there. I want you just to take a look and see while you are in that garage whether a certain automobile is there or not." I was familiar with the one he spoke of, the car belonged to one of our regular customers. And the boss said, "Just let me know whether it is there or

not. That is really what I am sending you for."

That sounded all right because I knew the machine, and I went down there and asked for the cap screws. I got them without any questions asked; and before I left the garage I looked around and saw that the car was in the garage, and I recognized it immediately. Just as I was coming out of the garage, the owner of the car was there, too, and he stepped up to me and said, "Bob, just don't tell Cap that you saw me down here."

I started down the street. Now, I was in plenty of trouble. I had said, "Okay. All right." But when I got to going down the street on the way back to the shop I said to myself, "Now what am I going to do? I promised my friend I would not tell, and when the boss sent

(Continued on page two)



MR. R. G. LETOURNEAU

LAST CHANCE!

Till March 24, You May Have Absolutely Free New Book, "Bobbed Hair, Bossy Wives, and Women Preachers," by Editor John R. Rice. With One Year's Subscription to "The Sword of the Lord." Mail Your Letter Before Midnight, March 24

This morning a letter came from a pastor in Michigan saying, "For months I have been following what is written in 'The Sword of the Lord' and I have felt impressed several times to ask you to send me some sample copies to distribute to my people here. I have hesitated because it pays to be cautious in endorsing something to the public. I feel, however, that your paper is the outstanding evangelistic paper in America today and is being used by God in this needy field. So if you will send me a roll of samples of old numbers, I believe that many will want to take it here."

That pastor expresses the opinion of a great number of other pastors, we believe. Surely you do not want to miss *The Sword of the Lord*. Some who read this paper will find, by looking at your address label, that your subscription is to expire in March 42, that is, this month. Hundreds of you will miss this opportunity and be off the subscription list if you do not hurry.

Mail your subscription at once. It should be postmarked not later than midnight, March 24. If you should happen to get this paper later than March 24, then put your subscription in the mail at once with the explanation, and we will accept it.

The book, *Bobbed Hair, Bossy Wives, and Women Preachers*, is sent absolutely free with one year's subscription to *The Sword of the Lord* at \$1.00 a year.

Or, if you prefer, you may have the editor's book, "And God Remembered..." on the same offer until March 24. State which book you want. You may send as many subscriptions as you like and get one of the books free with each subscription. Give names and addresses plainly, and tell where to send the book in each case.

Send your subscriptions and all mail to SWORD OF THE LORD PUBLISHERS, 512 W. Franklin Street, Wheaton, Ill.

"Up Till March 8th of This Year I Have Been a Rebellious Wife, But With God's Help I Won't Be Any More"

That is the word of a minister's wife who writes telling how the editor's new book, *Bobbed Hair, Bossy Wives, and Women Preachers*, has revolutionized her life. Here is her letter:

"March 9, 1942

"Dear Brother Rice:

"After reading 'Bobbed Hair, Bossy Wives, and Women Preachers,' and after a good talk with the Lord, I think I should write you this letter. Up till March 8th of this year I have been a rebellious wife, but with God's help I won't be any more. Four years ago last June my husband and I were saved. Two years ago in June he was called to preach. God gave him a little backwoods church with a lot of old sayings. The people would not tithe, did not believe in it. We did; it looked like they had everything but the Bible. They had had everything but the Bible preached to them.

"Well, you no doubt can understand what it took. He had to work, and when he was not at work he was praying or there trying to take care of the flock that God had seen fit to give him. Maybe you see by now what I am trying to say. Your book has showed me that when I could have been sending up much needed prayers, I

was rebelling against all of it. In this I have tried to tell you how I was a rebellious wife. I have let my hair grow since I was saved. I always did know a woman could not preach, but I sure failed in other ways. So pray for me that I will be a better wife and more help to my husband.

"You being a preacher, I know you will pray for him."

We do not feel free to give the name and address of this dear preacher's wife in Tennessee whose life has been changed by the little book. But we are getting many letters to indicate that earnest Christian women are being led to see God's place for them, by this message.

Today there came a letter from a young minister and his wife in Chicago which follows:

"March 12, 1942

"Dear Dr. Rice:

"We are a young married couple attending the Moody Bible Institute, and have recently read your book named 'Bobbed Hair, Bossy Wives, and Women Preachers.' We received such great blessing from it contents and now want one for our own library that we might circulate it among our loved ones and friends, to whom we feel

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'No Man Can Serve Two Masters'

(Continued from page one)

me down there to find out—"I tell you, I had a plenty tough time trying to serve two masters. I made up my mind I was never going to get in that fix again. At first I tried to chide myself that I made a mistake when I said okay to the friend, but if I hadn't said okay, then they would have known what I came for. What should I have done? My whole trouble was in trying to serve two masters. I had a couple of blocks to go and was thinking it over as I went, and I finally wriggled out of it. My wheels turn kind of slow sometimes, and I needed a little time to get them going. But by the time I got back to the garage and the boss came running up, I said, "Listen, ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies." So I managed to wriggle around it.

God Wants All or Nothing

I have come to serve Jesus Christ. I love Him and I want to serve Him, not because I have to in order to get to Heaven when I die, not because I will be punished if I don't—no, that isn't the idea. I want to serve the Lord because I caught a vision of His glory and power and majesty and because it is the only thing worth while, it is the only kind of life worth living. May the Lord help you to get a vision, quit this halfway business and get into it for all you are worth. It is worth everything you have or it is not worth anything at all.

You know I have folk come to me once in a while who have seen the machinery we have built and they say, "I suppose you have never built a bum machine in your life." They just don't know. One of the reasons they think that is because whenever I build a machine that doesn't work, I will tell you what I do, I always cut it up and throw it away right quick before anybody else sees it. I want to get it out of my sight as quickly as possible. I don't want to see it, and I don't want anybody else to see it. I tell you, if I had a religion that didn't work any better than some other folk's I would throw that away, too, and get something that would work. I say to you, the old-time gospel still works. It is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. And the trouble with this old world today is that we have been getting away from the power of the gospel and trying to substitute social etiquette and languages and education and a lot of other things like that, trying to make that take the place of the gospel. Oh, listen to God, you have been trying to get along without Him.

There are many wrong emotions in the world today, a lot of hate and war; and the world is in an awful state this afternoon. I am not a pacifist. The reason I am not a pacifist is because I don't believe in being like an ostrich hiding her head in the sand. We might as well face the music and quit killing ourselves. We are face to face with a difficult situation. And while I believe in the teachings of Christ and all that, and I believe in the spirit of meekness and I believe in the spirit of love and forgiveness, still at the same time we might as well realize what we are up against. And my Bible teaches me we should be loyal to our government. I say that with no other course to pursue but to be loyal. I don't care what your politics are, now it's time to unite and to work together instead of working apart. You know, the fellow who was being shown through the insane asylum said to one of the guards, "What would you fellows do if these lunatics should get together

and gang up on you?" The guard replied, "They won't get together, they are crazy." These are the times in which we ought to stick together, so let's not quibble about our political positions let's get behind our government. I thank God that we have a government that we can be loyal to and still be loyal to God.

I will tell you what we need to get back is old-time religion and be loyal to God and our forefathers, and I am just sure that this is the thing the world needs. We have gotten away from the principles of Christ and His love, and we have tried to substitute a lot of ethics and creeds and laws; and we are polite and are trained to say "please" and "thank you" and not to offend the other fellow and to serve others first and all that sort of stuff. I guess it's all right, maybe I need a little more of it, but I tell you what we need, it is to have our hearts changed and have the desire in our hearts rather than just the training in our heads. I think that is the thing that is most important.

"Say, Just What Is a Christian?"

You know, I had an interesting experience one time. I was talking to some of the bosses at one of our plants, and I was trying to encourage these men to hire Christian young men. (Not that we have a rule that a man has to be a Christian to work at our factory or anything like that. We do not believe that would be wise. In fact I told the boys one day, I said, "You know I heard on the outside that they are all Christians in our factory, but of course you boys know better. But," I said, "you know what I'd do if you were?" I said, "I'd bring in some that weren't Christians for you to work on.") But I was trying to persuade these bosses that we would get better cooperation, better loyalty, better character and a lot of things that are valuable to any firm if we were to get Christian young men.

And I thought I was making pretty good progress when all of a sudden like a bolt out of a clear sky (I wasn't looking for it; it almost knocked my feet out from under me). One of them shot this question at me, and said to me, "Say just what is a Christian?"

Now what would you answer in a case of that kind? I didn't want a discussion, I didn't want an argument there with those boys. I could have perhaps given them a more or less theological answer, but I could see where I could just open the door to a lot of discussion and spoil the effect of what I was trying to get over. Of course, as head of the outfit I could say to them, "This is what you've got to do" and try to make them do it. But I've always found you can get along better by trying to sell the idea and persuade them it is the right way to do it than saying, "You must do it." I think it works better anyhow, and that was what I was trying to do that morning. But here I was. I wanted an answer that would leave out any chance for an argument. And realizing my position in front of those men (a number of them were not Christians) I said, "Lord, help me and give me the answer." I said this under my breath, they didn't know that I said it, but I said it just the same. And God heard me say it. You know the Lord can hear you, you don't have to get down on your knees, God can hear you just the same. No matter where you are or what you are doing, you can just silently ask Him, and without even moving your lips, the Lord can hear you say it. And I said, "Lord, give me the answer." I wanted an answer that would leave out any chance for an argument and that would be just as short and right to the point as the question that had been asked. And in much less time than it is taking me to tell it, just like a flash the answer came and I shot back at them, and I said, "Well, one that is in love with my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." I have thought it over a good deal since. I have made up my mind, and the fact of the matter is, I find the Bible bears me out in it, too, to love God and love your fellowman—that is what the Lord told that young man that came to Him and said, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?"

Serve for Love, Not for Gain
We have lost sight of this fact,

MANY SAVED AT HARVEY

BY THE EDITOR

It is Saturday afternoon; tomorrow will close a fifteen-day revival effort at the First Baptist Church of Harvey, with the editor preaching. Rev. M. S. Hansen is the beloved pastor.

Harvey is a town of 17,800 people, twenty miles south of Chicago. The First Baptist Church is affiliated with the Association of Regular Baptist Churches and is sound in the faith.

God has graciously blessed our efforts and given a real revival. The building has been practically filled at every service, except one week day afternoon, when it was more than half filled. Saturday nights, Monday nights and Sunday afternoons the building has been full; and at least one week night people were turned away who could not even get a chair in the aisle. There have been lost people in the services night after night. The Spirit of God has given deep conviction; and a good many have been saved, for which we praise the Lord.

The music was led by Don DeVoss, with help from staff members of radio WMBI of Moody Bible Institute. Delegations and individuals have come from many churches and communities near Harvey.

Last night eleven people came forward, four of them as backslid-

ers coming to rededicate their lives to Christ, and seven lost sinners openly coming to Christ and claiming Him as Saviour. The night before more than twenty people came forward, one as a backslider, several for church membership, and sixteen on public profession of faith in Christ! There has been a thrilling variety in the souls saved. The first Sunday night the pastor's little daughter, Phyllis, a little more than five years old, was deeply convicted. She went alone and prayed and then reported to her mother and father that she had been saved! And she gave good evidence that she had, has delighted to come night after night to the meetings whenever she could, and has told many that now she has given her heart to Christ and is saved! On the other hand, Thursday night a man past seventy-three was saved. He had come to the revival campaign from the very first service and had become deeply convicted. I had spoken to him several times, and so had others. As he entered the church door Thursday night I asked him again, "Which way are you going? Is it going to be Heaven or Hell?" He answered, "I am going up!" Then when I urged him not to joke but to make sure of his soul's salvation, he turned to me solemnly and said, "You think I am fooling, but I am not. I've had a terrible fight for two nights. I know I can live a better life, and I am going to do it!"

At the close of the service he came at once to claim Christ, and explained that he did not mean to depend on himself and on a good life, but was then and there openly, publicly, claiming Christ as his own Saviour. He evidently trembled at trying to leave the sins of a lifetime of sin. And last night he rose to testify with shining face, telling how glad he was he had trusted Christ! The first Sunday night of the meeting when I preached on, "Is There a Bible Hell and Will a Loving God Really Send a Sinner There?" a lost woman was in the services who told Mrs. Rice she had never been to church until one month before. After the service, with quite a lot of personal instruction, she trusted Christ as her Saviour. She had no Bible, so Mrs. Rice gave her one; and she seems happy and assured in the Lord.

Last night a woman in middle age or past, came to claim the Lord and said, "Brother Rice, I am a Lutheran. But in my church I never got what my heart desired. I didn't understand about it until God led me to attend these meetings, and I heard you preach. Now, thank God, I know I have trusted Christ and He has saved me; and I want the public to know about it. I want to see you after the service and tell how God led me here." But after the service I was dealing with a lost couple; she was taken to the pastor's study with other new converts, and there her questions were all answered and she came to tell me briefly how happy she was in Christ.

Another woman saved last night, one who held her hand for prayer instantly when I gave an opportunity, was an Episcopalian. She had known nothing of the plan of salvation until she had been attracted to the meeting (I think by hearing me on radio WMBI last week) and there the whole matter of salvation by grace, to be received by simply trusting Christ, had been made clear to her. She hesitated a bit last night; but then came earnestly, boldly to the front to make her public profession of faith in Christ and went home with sweet peace! Of course being a Lutheran or Episcopalian or a Baptist would not save, but only a personal trust in Jesus Christ.

A southern man, a Tennessean who came north to work had been often under conviction for seven years, he told me. He was waiting, however, for some glorious feeling to seize him. The first two or three

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We are grateful to our brother Robert G. LeTourneau, Christian business man, for the fine article published this week.

Mr. LeTourneau is the largest manufacturer of dirt-moving machinery in the world. His machinery literally moves mountains, makes roads and excavates, levels air fields around the world.

But this business giant is a humble man of God whose testimony will bless your heart.

The story of his life and work is fascinatingly told in the book, "God Runs My Business" by Lorimer of which 25,000 copies were printed in the first edition by Fleming Revell.

May God raise up more thorough-going business men who love the Lord Jesus and really put Him first in time and money.

Mr. LeTourneau flies all over America in his own airplane to preach on Sundays and sometimes on week days, and yet finds time to manage his large business enterprises in California, Illinois, and Georgia. His home is now in Toccoa, Ga.

days of the revival effort he was very unhappy, could not sleep well, could not enjoy his food. But I gave him my little booklet, "What Must I Do to Be Saved." He read it last Sunday afternoon, and Sunday night he was led to trust in Christ and came out boldly for Him. After the service he said to me, face all aglow, "It was that little book! That showed me what was wrong with me and helped me to know how to be saved. Don't you ever quit printing that little book, and I'll help pay the printing bill!" he said. Twice now, with a shining face, he has stood to tell others how happy he is since he has trusted Christ as Saviour. Last night he brought a friend and fellow worker to the meeting, and the friend and his wife were both converted last night.

Last Sunday night, I think it was, I talked to a young woman as she left the auditorium. She told me that she was unsaved. She and her family were Lutherans. Her mother was a devout Christian, her father and two sisters had been saved, but had never publicly claimed Christ. She promised me to pray and ask Christ to save her before she slept that night, and try to find Christ. On Thursday afternoon she told me that she had found Jesus, and that night she came to openly confess Him with her father and two sisters.

I think there have been between fifty and sixty professions of faith, and we hope that tonight and in the three services tomorrow, Sunday, there will be many more.

Sunday afternoon there is to be a baptizing of new converts, and we believe that the church has been revived and blessed by God's mercy.

I leave Monday for Philadelphia, will be speaking nightly in the Non-Sectarian Tabernacle on Broad Street down town, beginning Tuesday night, March 17, and twice daily on the Morning Cheer Broadcast conducted by Pastor George A. Palmer. Dr. Theodore H. Elsner is pastor at the Non-Sectarian Tabernacle. I will be in Philadelphia through Easter Sunday and earnestly desire the prayers and attendance of readers in that area.

(Monday morning—We had a blessed closing to the campaign at Harvey with about 34 more coming forward at the invitations, most of them the first public professions of faith. Praise the Lord!)

"THE LIFE THAT I NOW LIVE"

A treatise on Christian Ethics. "We were almost put out of business by a lack of just those things you bring out in your book." So writes one pastor and orders 20 copies. "Read it through same day we received it," write others. This is a booklet selling for 25c, over 25,000 words, attractively bound, plainly, frankly, and scripturally dealing with Christian living. Problems of morals, habits, dress, marriage, pre- and post-marriage relationships helpfully explained. Especially prepared for young people and study classes. Five illuminating chapters: The Definition, The Decadence, The Decalogue, The Defenses and The Dynamics of Christian Ethics. A timely treatise for these days. Order from ALBERT RUST, Corwith, Iowa.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

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EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE LOST SHEEP FOUND

(Continued from page one)

things, I do not remember what all of them were, but among other things there were some needles I was to get. Ladies did lots of sewing in those days when I was a boy. I was about eight years old so on the way home from town I lost the needles out of my pocket, I do not know how, I had so many things to think about and there were so many wonderful things, there were the trees and the birds and occasionally I would catch a grasshopper and shout at the boys across the street, and you could take a stick as you walked down the sidewalk, and by a picket fence you could make the loveliest noise as you rattled over the pickets, so I forgot all about the needles and some way they slipped out of my pocket and were gone. When I got home, they said, "Where are the needles?"

"Oh, I don't know, they are lost." I had to go back to town. It was a mile and I walked back all that way. I looked with my head down I looked every yard of the way. I didn't find them and I looked about and, lo, it was dark! I started for home. I thought, "I will surely catch it now! I have lost those needles for good." I went on with a heavy heart and you know besides that I was ready to cross the creek and go under the willows and go on that lonely road up to the house, I thought, "My! no telling what I will meet down here," and I was sorry and I was scared. I thought I would see Dad and he would not like it. I had lost a dime's worth of needles! And about that time I came to the creek and my heart was beating fast and there was something coming toward me. I saw it! What is it? I did not know what it was but it turned out to be old Star. I saw the blaze in the forehead of the sorrel horse my father rode. Dad was riding up out of the creek, he was starting out to look for his boy. And when he saw me he said, "Who is it?" I said, "It's John." And my Dad stopped his horse and said, "Get up here," and he put me on the horse behind him and carried me home and he didn't ask me once about the needles! Who cared about a dime's worth of needles? He wanted his boy! Did you know it would be a mighty good thing for you to learn during these days that what the Lord is concerned about is the poor lost sheep. God wants poor lost souls everywhere. Listen, dear friend, if you hear me today and you are unsaved I would like for you to get into your heart that the one thing that the Lord Jesus came to die for, the one thing every church steeple points heaven-ward for, and the one thing every good song that was inspired of the Spirit was ever written for, and the one thing that God wants to be the heart of every sermon by the preacher is *poor lost souls*! He came to seek and save that which was lost. He loves lost sheep.

The Shepherd Lovingly Carries The Lost Sheep Home

Now I want you to notice what He does for lost sheep. He goes after that which is lost until He finds it. I can imagine this man out here on the mountain and he said, "I'll declare, I have missed my supper" and no doubt the rain had begun to fall. I imagine so, and he said, "That sheep, I don't know what I will do with the thing when I lay my hands on him. He has caused me more trouble! He wouldn't sell for more than two and a half dollars, and I would not get but about fifty cents worth of wool off of him. He is not worth all this trouble." I could imagine the man saying that, so here he goes looking for the lost sheep, and he hears after awhile the faintest cry. I can imagine he said, "I hear that fool sheep; I am so sick and tired of the trouble he causes me!" And he has a stick in his hand. I can imagine he will beat that sheep good when he gets it!

No, he won't! No, he will not! Instead of saying, "You get on for home!" instead of beating and driving him in front of him, instead the Saviour said the shepherd takes the sheep and lays it on his shoulder with tender comforting words he carries the sheep home!

You know we have a strange

'No Man Can Serve Two Masters'

(Continued from page two)

He do this and why doesn't He do that? Why doesn't He kill the devil and stop all this trouble?"

Now, wait a minute. Let's think this thing through a little bit. Let's not pass a hasty judgment on it. God has a plan for this universe. God made this world by the word of His power. My Bible says God is going to use sinners saved by grace to demonstrate His glory and His power to the angels and the archangels and all the hosts of Heaven. And I believe He is using the devil to carry out His program. I heard a man say one time that he received a letter asking: "If the Lord is all mighty and all powerful, why doesn't He stop this awful war?" And this man said, "I wrote back and told him that the reason is that the Lord didn't start this war." Men are choosing to fight, men are choosing to leave the Lord out of their lives. He's got plenty of provision, but we've left Him out. That's why we're in trouble. Let me illustrate it this way:

When my oldest boy was just a young fellow he learned to drive an automobile. When he was only nine years old, I used to take him out on the construction job with me, and it scared his mother half to death one day when she came out on the job and saw her nine year old boy driving a delivery car, dashing around up and down around the job and over the side of the mountain. It got me in the dog house for a while; but I got out all right. But anyhow I suppose there were a great many times when that young fellow (He had a kind of a hankering to get hold of a car and go tearing, and he wasn't old enough to turn loose) and I suppose there were many times he said, "I wonder why my dad doesn't just give me a new automobile and say, 'Here is plenty of gas money, just help yourself and have a good time'?" I didn't do it, and you know why I didn't do it—because it would have been very unwise for me to do it.

Joy in Serving the Lord

Now don't you see, I believe God wants to help us, but we make it impossible for Him to help us because He knows that we wouldn't use it for His glory. Remember when my boys get to the age where I know they have a vision (And I thank God they are beginning to now), when they begin to have this vision of doing something that is worth while, when they come around and say, "Dad, I'd like to take the automobile and go and get a bunch of my buddies and bring them out to church tonight," why sure I'll let them have the car. There will be no questions asked, because that is something worth while. And when they say, "Dad, I want to take the car and go down the road here a ways. There is a contractor down there that needs some of our machinery and I think I can sell him a bunch of it." "Sure," I'll say, "take the car and go ahead," because that is something that is worth while doing, don't you think? And when we get a vision of serving God—and I don't mean drudgery, either. The trouble is the devil paints a picture in our mind that serving

idea about God. Men can hardly believe that God loves sinners and yet He does. Men can hardly believe that. Nearly everybody says, "Well, I have to patch myself up." The prodigal boy says, "Before I get home I have to stop and get me a good meal and a shave and a hair cut and get me some clean clothes," and so on. And nearly every man says, "Well, if I can reform and clean myself up and get myself just right, why then I will be all right."

One man told me yesterday, "Well, I have tried it and tried it and tried it." I said, "Quit trying, salvation isn't trying something, salvation is turning the whole thing over to Jesus. You are a failure, aren't you?" He said, "Yes," I said, "Fine, that's the kind of people Jesus died for."

I remember a dear old man seventy-one years old at a funeral out near Dallas who held his hand for prayer.

I said later, "Are you not a Christian?"

He said, "No."

(Continued on page four)

the Lord will be a matter of drudgery and that we'll have to do it and we make ourselves do it. I don't like that thought, because I believe that if we catch this vision we won't have to do it, we will want to do it. It will be something that will be firing in our souls. You know I have discovered that after all there isn't as much difference between work and play as most folk seem to think. Because I have noticed that when folks go away on a vacation to have a good time, when they get back it generally takes them a few weeks to get over it, you know, and get back to normal, they are so worn out. But they will tell you what a good time they had, just the same. And so it isn't a matter of inaction that gives us happiness and joy. The fact of the business is, I think we get more joy out of really doing something; and I have discovered I get joy in serving the Lord and serving Him only instead of trying to serve the Lord and serve the world, too, at the same time. You know I had an interesting experience not so long ago. Our team was playing a game of basketball with another team, and some of the boys said, "Are you coming out to the game tonight, Bob?"

And I said, "No, I haven't got time, I'm too busy."

And then my brother-in-law came along. He said, "Aren't you coming out to the game tonight?"

I said, "No, I haven't got time."

Then my son came along. He said, "Dad, you ought to go to that game tonight." And naming my son-in-law, he said, "He's captain of the team. You certainly ought to go out there and see that game tonight."

I said, "No, I haven't got time, really."

But I went home to supper and my wife started in on me.

Well, out at the game, watching the game (because I was there) they had put me down where I could really see what was going on and got me right down there in front and I saw they were pushing and pulling, they were running and tearing, and going this way and that.

I said, "Wait a minute, what are they doing out there? Listen, if that is play, I want to know what work is!" The boys in the factory don't work that hard, I was sure of that. You couldn't hire them to do that. And yet they were out there doing it for nothing.

On the Fence

Oh, I tell you, when we catch a vision of doing something for God because it is in our soul and our heart, and we want to serve only one master and we get rid of trying to straddle the fence, then we have a good time serving the Lord. You know this being on the fence is the most miserable life that a person can live.

I sometimes illustrate this being on the fence by a little experience we had over at Boulder Dam. The experience that actually happened, although it sounds like a fairy story.

One of my powder men was drilling a rock, drilling it with powder. He had been working with a crew all night, working hard. Just about the break of day, he was tightening up his hose and he was getting ready to shoot, when he discovered that he didn't have enough wire to get out of reach of the blast that he was setting off. He wanted to get it off before the day shift came to work and didn't want to take time to go back to the camp after more wire. He told the men they'd better get farther away. He stretched his wires out as far as they would go, and he discovered that up there on the side of the mountain above where this blast was going to go off there was a little cave in the mountain just about big enough for a man to crouch in. And he said to himself, "Now that will answer my purpose all right. I'll just set the battery down in front of the mouth of that cave and I'll press the button and jump in that cave and be protected from the flying rock, so I won't have to go after more wire." So he did. He set the battery down and everybody was in the clear and at the right moment he gave the signal and he pressed the button and, BOOM! And it blew rocks in all directions. And he jumped into the cave, and there was a rattle down at his

feet. He jumped out of the cave. He looked up in the air and it was white with rocks in all directions, and the snake was rattling in the cave. Now that's what I call being on the fence. I'm glad it wasn't me anyhow. I don't believe I'd be here to tell the story, because I don't like a snake nohow. I just don't like a snake and I am sure I'd never have gone back in there with that snake. I'd have taken some chances and stayed on the side of that mountain with those boulders that were being blown high in the air.

Make a Decision Now

Well this man had to make a decision, and some of us that are listening this afternoon are going to have to make a decision. We are going to have to decide whether we want to or not. We are going to have to decide whether we are going to serve the world or whether we are going to serve the Lord. That man had to decide. He had to decide quick which way to go. But he had presence of mind. He stooped quickly and he picked up a huge boulder and pitched the boulder into that cave and crushed the snake, then he jumped into the cave in time to be protected from the flying rock. The snake was wriggling under the stone, but he couldn't bite him because the stone had him held down.

You know I believe the solution to the problem that confronts most of us today as we are making this decision is if we can get hold of the Rock, Jesus Christ, that will hold Satan. He will do a lot of wriggling and rattling, but he can't hurt us as long as we have hold of the Rock, Christ Jesus. He gave His life, and He defeated Satan and Satan is a defeated foe. We just simply let Christ get hold of him and let Him take care of Satan for us. We can't handle him, but the Lord Jesus Christ can. And my recommendation to you this afternoon is, to all my listeners—ah, I just wish somehow or another you would say, "Lord, You come into my life and I'll serve You and You only, and You take care of Satan and I will turn my life over to You. How about it? Are you serving two masters?"

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR!

In *The Sword of the Lord* for March 6, 1942, in the article "Paul's Gospel" or "Kingdom Gospel," was this statement: "Neither Paul nor any other preacher ever made the gospel of salvation by simple faith alone any clearer than did John the Baptist in John 3:31-36 ending with this matchless statement of it—'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'" But the linotyper made the reference read John 3:3-36 instead of John 3:31-36. John 3:1-21 are the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, and the words of John the Baptist do not begin in this chapter until verse 27.

The point is, surely, well taken. The gospel preached by John the Baptist in John 3:36 is certainly pure grace, exactly the same as the gospel preached by Paul and others.

Pray for Evangelist Hyman Appelman

The following card was received this week from our brother evangelist, Hyman Appelman, with a blessed report and urgent request for prayer.

Meridian, Miss.
March 10, 1942

"Dear Prayer Partner:

"God prosper you. The Holy Spirit gave us over 300 in Los Angeles and over 125 in the seven days in Tucson. Pray for us here in the city-wide meeting, Meridian, Miss.

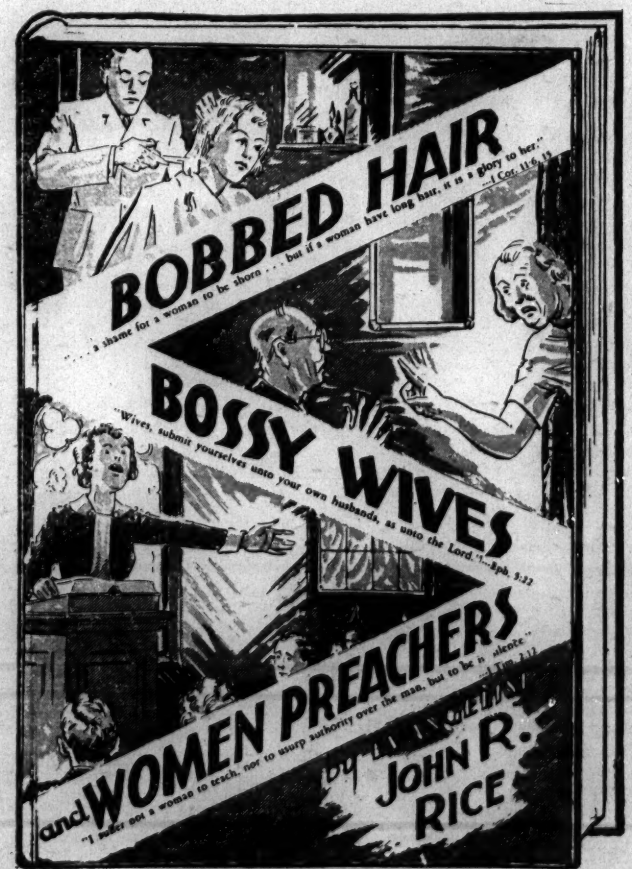
"Numbers 6:24-26"

"Hyman Appelman."

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THE LOST SHEEP FOUND

(Continued from page three)

I said, "You ought to be, why man your hair is white, you ought to be saved."

He said, "I know it."

I said, "Why aren't you?"

He said, "I don't know how."

I said, "Well, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

He began to weep and said, "I have heard that before, I don't know what you mean."

I said, "Lord, help me tell him what I mean, make it clear what it means to trust Jesus," and like a flash it came to my mind, it was on the tip of my tongue and I said it. "Why, it means that God furnishes a Saviour and you furnish the sinner. That is all you have to do. You furnish the sinner."

He began to chuckle while the tears ran down the grey stubble of his beard. He said, "If he will furnish the Saviour, I can sure furnish the sinner," and he did.

Oh, my friend, it is not mending your own garments and patching your own leafy coats, don't think it is by turning over a leaf to hide the soiled one. That is not what God wants. He wants you to come and let Him do the saving. He comes to seek and save the poor lost soul. So I would say, "Lord, I am a poor lost sinner. You died for sinners and I am a good candidate." And then let the Lord do the saving. My, if we could only learn that God loves sinners! God loves poor old lost sinners.

**Sinner, God Is Not Your Enemy!
He Loves You!**

I was very much impressed by something I read by Dr. Ironside some years ago. Dear Dr. Ironside, God bless him. He is one of the best men God ever let live, isn't he? Dr. Ironside, when he

was younger, one of his boys was five years old, he said they "played bear." He had a great big fur coat, he would put on the fur coat and get down on all fours. Can you imagine dear Dr. Ironside, rotund Dr. Ironside, on his all fours now "playing bear." The little fellow was running before him from one room to another screaming, half delighted, half scared, and Dr. Ironside galloped after him. He was the "bear" chasing the boy, and finally Dr. Ironside had the little fellow penned up in the corner in the kitchen and he wouldn't let him out, and with menacing growls, he drew near and the little fellow was half frantic and he screamed and cried. And then Dr. Ironside said the boy with his nerves almost breaking finally turned and cried, "You are not any bear, you are not any old bear, you wouldn't hurt me. I am your own little boy, you are my Daddy, you wouldn't hurt me." And Dr. Ironside said the boy fell to weeping and threw himself into his Daddy's arms and Dr. Ironside picked up the little fellow and held him close in his arms and walked back and forth with him. And he put away the coat and never played bear any more!

And then Dr. Ironside said he well remembered the time when it seemed that God was an avenging nemesis on his trail, that God must hate him, that God wanted to bring him to judgment for his sins. Then he learned one day that God didn't hate him, God didn't want him to come to judgment, God wanted to save him. "For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved." God didn't send Jesus to condemn. God loves you.

So, when the shepherd finds the sheep he lays it on his shoulder rejoicing. You know I tell you, I thank God for the time the Lord Jesus laid me on his shoulder and took me safe home! Ah, a good

time that was! "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice on Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, and tell its raptures all abroad." I am glad Jesus found me. Aren't you glad He found you? And if He has not found you, won't you let Him find you today?

I was reading the other day a sermon of Gipsy Smith that I recently printed, and dear Gipsy Smith writes (September or October was it, when he was here in the Moody Church) dear Gipsy said that in England years ago there was a neighbor of his who was a brewer and a very wicked man. The Gipsy said, "I tried to win him every way I could, he learned to like me because of a love for nature, I grew up out of doors and I never can get away from trees and the flowers." And he said this brewer loved nature too, and they were friends, and said he cursed and was wicked; and he said, "Well, Gipsy, you've got all my family, but," he said, "I'm too tough. I couldn't be saved—God has no use for me." And so Gipsy said the brewer one day got a setting of eggs, Rhode Island Red eggs; and they shipped them over 500 miles and they cost \$15.00 for twelve of them. And Gipsy said, "They must be good ones." And the brewer said, "They sure are. They are worth it every bit." And he said he took a Black Minorca hen that had been setting on some glass eggs, sitting there sedately like the average church member, said Gipsy Smith. And he took out the glass eggs and put—You know the average church member doesn't hatch anything, doesn't get anybody saved, doesn't get anybody to church. And Gipsy said that the brewer—that he watched him and he put the eggs under the hen and so Gipsy said, "Don't do anything about the hen without me being here. I may have to start raising chickens myself and I want to know all about it. Don't you do anything with this hen without letting me see. You let me know the time, and I'll be over here." "All right," the brewer said.

And the Gipsy said he slipped out and got another egg, just a common hen egg; and he put it under the Black Minorca hen and she rustled her feathers and took it in and warmed it. And they went back the next time together to turn the eggs and so the brewer said, "Ah," he said, "this biddie has laid another egg." "No," Gipsy said, "I laid the egg here." "Well, we will take it out." "No," said Gipsy, "leave it here. I want to leave it under her."

And when the chicken hatched out don't you know the chicken loved that little chicken—the little chicken that didn't cost \$15.00 for twelve eggs like the others—just an ordinary hen egg, and the chicken worth only a few cents; but the mother hen didn't know the difference and kept it safe under her feathers. And he showed the brewer that and he said, "You know those expensive eggs, those fine Rhode Island Red eggs that you got from 500 miles away and paid so much money for—they are not any more precious to the hen than this little foundling hatched from the egg that I slipped under the mother's breast." And the brewer said, "You did that for me, didn't you, Gipsy?" And he said, "Yes, I did. Do you know Jesus said, as He cried over a city full of the wicked, 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!'"

And Gipsy said he was called later on to the brewer's bedside when he lay dying. And the brewer said, "Gipsy, I am safe under the wing; and I am just as dear as all the good people that the Lord ever saved."

I say, so it is. God loves sinners. Poor, lost sheep today, God loves you. You don't have to go on away from God. God doesn't hate you. God doesn't run after you with a revenging sword. Your sins may make Him angry, as they ought to do, and the wrath of God abides on you; but God loves you still. You don't have to go on in sin and be lost.

Rejoicing Over Sinners—Saved

And let's see, "And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for

I have found my sheep which was lost."

You know I liked the way—last night in the services a young woman had been saved, a young housewife had been saved two weeks ago. A neighbor had won her to Christ. And I said, "Is there someone here who has trusted Christ and you should like to come out openly and claim it and let it be known?" And here she came boldly—walked down to the front and stood there. And I said, "Aren't you glad to claim Him?" She said, "Yes, and it gives an added assurance," she said, "to tell it." And how the crowd was moved as she came to tell it! My, you know I can hardly see a poor, lost sinner come to Christ without I want to get hold of his hand and shake it and rejoice with him. Down South, where I came from, people have a way that when people are converted they like to line them up and then everybody come by and give them the hand of Christian fellowship. Well, that isn't bad, I'll tell you now. Here the Saviour calls together his friends and his neighbors and says, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

You know up in Heaven really there is not much that makes the bells ring. I imagine some fellow gets a promotion, gets a raise in salary. Ah, it doesn't make a ripple in Heaven. They are not concerned about it. Somebody graduates from Moody or graduates from Wheaton College or graduates from somewhere else—ah, the presents come in; there comes a class ring, and there is a watch for a present, and there's maybe a trip to the seashore and many presents and all the fine dresses! Who cares about that in Heaven? My, it seems fine. But up in Heaven that doesn't make a ripple. You know there is just one thing that makes the bells peal, just one thing that starts the Hallelujah Chorus, there is just one thing that makes all Heaven ring with joy! That is when a poor old sinner is saved, when a poor old lost sinner comes to Christ and is saved. So the Saviour said, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." You know I sometimes think that we make Heaven weep by our sins. Ah, "seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, run your race," says the Scriptures in Hebrews, chapter 12. I'll tell you it is wonderful to think we can make Heaven happy. We can make happy the heart of Jesus Christ when we win souls.

I have often thought how the face of Jesus would look. I have been meditating on that verse in II Corinthians 4:6, "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Dr. Robert G. Lee has a great sermon on the face of Christ. I'll try to preach on it some time; I never have. But I've thought I'd like to see the face of Jesus. When I see Him I wonder how He'll look. You know it would be blessed—would it not be blessed if when we see Him His face would be lighted up with such joy because, oh, He is so pleased and rejoicing over souls brought home! You remember dying Stephen, they stoned him, crushed in his skull; they broke his ribs. And Stephen looked up with a face like the face of an angel, shining for joy. And he said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And he saw Jesus was standing at the right hand of the Father. I can think Jesus held His hands out and He smiled as sweetly as He said, "Come on home, Stephen, we want to see you." My, wouldn't it be blessed if we could go home in the midst of rejoicing over souls saved!

I remember at Granbury, Texas, some years ago B. B. McKinney, the great gospel song writer was leading the singing in a revival campaign with me. And one night when they were singing, "Just As I Am," and there was the sobbing note of the violin and the orchestra and a great choir singing softly under that master leader, and the great tabernacle was crowded and thirty-six people came down the isles to trust in Christ that night; and I turned to B. B. McKinney, and I said, "Mac, listen, I'd like to go home to Heaven just like this!" You know, it would be wonderful, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it be wonderful when you go and see Jesus up in Heaven rejoicing in the midst of souls being brought home to Christ?

Luke 15:7 says, "I say unto you,

that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." It is mighty fine for a poor sinner to have a Saviour like that, isn't it? Somebody hears me today, and you are not saved, Well do you want to be? It isn't hard to be saved.

Down in Texas I went to a high school and I took a bunch of gospels of John and we went through the gospel of John, "believe, believe, believe" so says John 1:12, John 3:15, John 3:16, John 3:18, John 3:36, John 5:24, my, my, John 6:40. Throughout, again and again it says, believe, believe, believe and you have salvation. A preacher said to me when I got through, "John, you make it too easy." And I said, "I did not make it easy, Jesus Christ died to make it easy!" If you want to be saved just turn your poor wicked heart away from your sins and trust in Jesus Christ and you can have salvation.

What did the poor lost sheep have to do to get safe, he just had to be found, that is all, just had to be willing for the shepherd to put him on his shoulder and take him safe home, rejoicing. Will you today, poor lost sinner, turn to Jesus and find peace and forgiveness and salvation? Will you do that today? How happy I would be! Why don't you write to me and say, "I'll today, this very day, report that the Lord Jesus has found me, I have trusted in Jesus and he has forgiven me and already they are rejoicing about my soul up in Heaven. We would be glad and would rejoice down here on earth too. Wouldn't you be glad for that?"

"Up Till March 8th—"

(Continued from page one)

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